

In This Issue **BIGGLES, CAPT. JUSTICE, and KEN KING**—GREAT BOOK OFFER! *Also*

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2<sup>d</sup>.



SNAPPING THE DEEP-SEA DEMONS!—See centre pages



**KING OF THE ISLANDS** in another ripping South Seas adventure! He has had a rough innings—but it's a jolly long lane that has no turning. And the turning for Ken King comes at last, in a very unexpected fashion!

# The BULLY of TONGA!

BY CHARLES HAMILTON

◆◆◆ COMPLETE ◆◆◆

## Barney Hall's Threat!

**B**ARNEY HALL, the trader of Tonga, stirred on the bed of palm-leaves, groaned, and opened his eyes. His tanned, bearded face was ghastly in its pallor. He lifted his head from the folded tapa mat that served as a pillow, and the movement brought a pang of pain that caused him to sink back panting. His dizzy eyes stared round him in wonder. What had happened to him, the bully of Tonga hardly knew. But he knew that he was hurt, and that his strength had ebbed, leaving him weak as a child.

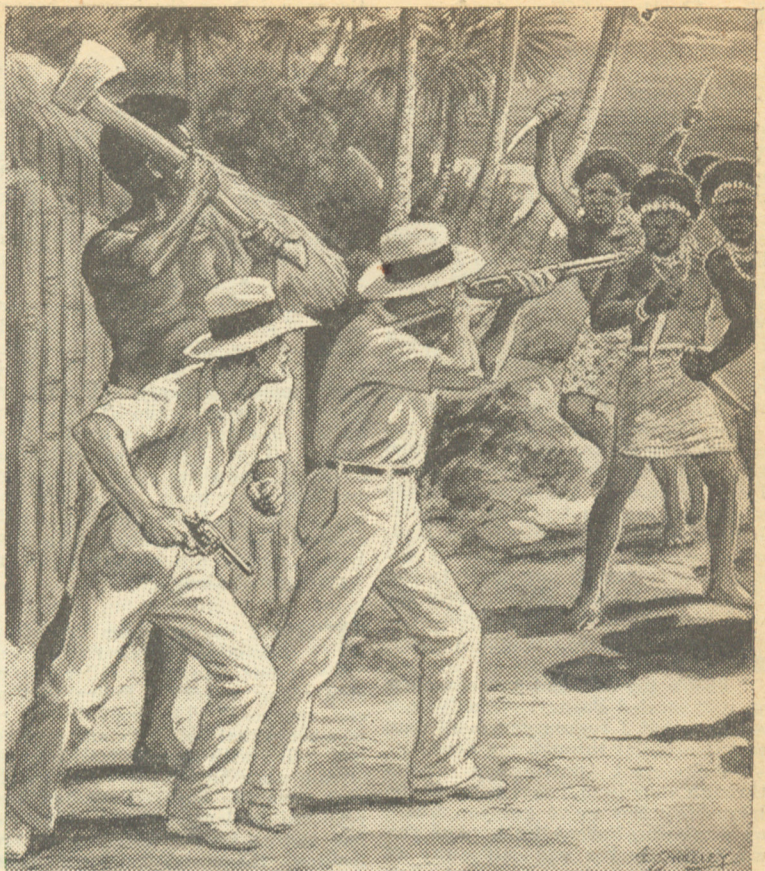
He lay in a palm-pole hut on the beach of Maroon Island. From the palm-leaf bed he could see through the open doorway a strip of beach and the shining lagoon, where his lugger rode at anchor in the blazing sunshine of the Pacific. A Tonga boy was staring over the side. Slowly, and with pain, the Tonga trader raised his hand to his aching head, and he could feel that it was bandaged.

"King of the Islands!" Barney muttered.

He remembered now. He had run into the lagoon of the lonely island to fill his water casks, and found Ken King there—marooned by Dandy Peter Parsons, the Lukwe sea-lawyer, who had stolen Ken's ketch, the Dawn. He had had the upper hand, for Ken, and his mate and boatswain had been unarmed, and Barney had watched them, rifle in hand, while his Tonga boys were filling the casks at the stream that flowed down from the hill through the dense bush. And then, suddenly, he had been struck senseless.

A shadow darkened the sunny doorway of the hut. Koko, the brown boatswain of the Dawn, looked in and grinned, as his eyes fixed on the trader. Barney Hall's hand groped feebly down to his belt for the revolver that was no longer there. Koko's grin widened.

"Feller gun belong sou no stop, sar!" he chuckled. "Feller gun be-



There was a knife in each brown hand as the crew came racing towards the hut. Koko stood with his axe lifted, eyeing them grimly as they came. Kit Hudson clamped the rifle to his shoulder, and King of the Islands jerked the revolver from his belt.

long you stop along feller King, sar!" He stepped back from the doorway, and called to King of the Islands. "Feller Hall wakee, sar! Brain belong him walk about, sar!"

Ken stepped in at the doorway. Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, followed him in. He had Barney's rifle in his hands. And the revolver that Barney missed was visible in Ken King's belt. The tables had been turned. Barney scowled blackly at the shipmates. It must have been one of them that had bandaged his injured, aching head, returning good for evil. But the ruffian was feeling only bitter rage and hostility.

"So you've come to, Barney Hall." King of the Islands held a tin pannikin of water to the trader's dry lips, and Barney drank greedily. Then, with a savage gesture, he dashed the pannikin from the boy trader's hand.

"How did you get me, you swab?" he snarled. "I was watching you—the three of you. How did you get me? You had some swab hidden in the bush, I reckon."

"I warned you that there was a savage, a wild man, on the island," Ken replied. "You did not choose to believe me."

"I don't believe you now," growled Barney. "I reckon Dandy Peter left another of your niggers here with you, and I hadn't seen him. He got me from the bush with a rock, I know that now."

Ken laughed. It was the "wild man," the mysterious savage denizen of Maroon Island, who had struck the trader down with a coral rock hurled

from the bush. Many times the shipmates had been in peril from the wild man, but this time he had quite unconsciously done them a good turn.

"Believe me or not, as you choose!" said the boy trader. "I don't know who or what the man is—but he's as fierce as a shark, and he was on the island when Peter Parsons marooned us here. Some islander wrecked from a canoe, I fancy. Anyhow, he knocked you over with a lump of coral from the bush, while you had us covered with your rifle."

"And more power to his elbow!" grinned Kit Hudson. "It's you that's got to toe the line now, Barney Hall!"

**T**HE Tonga trader made a fierce effort to rise. It brought a blinding pain to his head, and he gasped and sank back. There was a lump on his head, where the coral rock had struck him, as large as an egg. He lay for a minute, too dazed by pain to speak again. But he found his voice at last.

"You figure that you're going to seize my lugger to get away, you swabs?" he muttered hoarsely.

"You're in our hands," said King of the Islands. "You found us here, marooned a hundred miles out of the track of ships by the piratical swab



## The Bully of Tonga!

that stole my ketch. You refuse to take us off—you'd have left us cast away here—"

"I'll leave you yet!" hissed Barney. "Leave you to rot on Maroon Island. You'll never be picked off—a ship won't raise this speck of land once in three years. Do you reckon I'd have run into the lagoon here, at the risk of piling up my lugger, if I could have helped it? That swab Parsons knocked me out and left me to drift, and the boys ate and drank all there was on board while I was on my beam-ends, or I'd never have raised this island! You reckon that will happen again? No! You'll rot here for years—and I'll leave you to rot!"

The shipmates looked down at the savage face staring up at them from the palm-leaf bed. Barney Hall, lying helpless at the mercy of the shipmates, was as truculent as ever. King of the Islands smiled, and Hudson burst into a laugh. Barney did not seem to realise how matters had changed on Maroon Island, since the wild man had struck him down.

"Is that all you've got to say, Barney?" asked Ken.

"That's the lot—and you can chew on it!" snarled Barney. "You've got my gun, but I reckon you don't dare to put a bullet through my head."

"We're not putting a bullet through your head," said King of the Islands. "But we've got you where we want you, Barney Hall. And you won't lift anchor and sail away in your lugger and leave us here! You can bank on that."

"And you can count yourself lucky if we don't pinch your lugger, as Parsons pinched our ketch, and maroon you here," added Hudson.

"You reckon that I'm your prisoner!" snarled the Tonga trader.

"Looks like it to me," said Ken. "If you give us trouble I'll tell my Kanaka to rope you up, hand and foot. We shan't stand on ceremony with a swab of your kind."

"And what about my boys?" hissed Barney Hall. "I've got six Tonga boys here—more than enough to make kai-kai of you if I give the word!" And with a sudden effort he raised his voice and roared: "You feller boy! Tokalaloo! Taio! You feller boy, you comey along this place, killy white feller too much. You makee kai-kai along white feller—"

His voice died in a gasp, and he sank fainting from the effort. But as he fell there came a cackle of voices from the Tonga boys on the beach, and a rush of pattering bare feet.

### The Lugger Changes Hands.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS rushed out of the palm-pole hut, Hudson at his side. Barney Hall's savage roar had called the Tonga boys to action. Since the trader had fallen into the hands of the shipmates, the Tonga boys had left the casks in the stream, and gathered on the beach, muttering to one another in their own dialect, and looking towards the hut, uncertain what to do. There were five of them, without counting

the man left on the lugger—brawny fighting-men of Tonga, armed with knives.

There was a knife in each brown hand now, as the crew came running towards the hut in answer to their master's call. Koko, the brown boat-swain of the Dawn, stood facing them, his axe lifted in both powerful hands, eyeing them grimly as they came. Kit Hudson clamped the rifle to his shoulder. King of the Islands jerked the revolver from his belt, and levelled it at the same moment.

"You feller boy, you stop along beach!" shouted King of the Islands. "You comey along this place, you dead feller, my word." The fierce rush stopped suddenly. Hardly two fathoms distant, the Tonga crew halted, daunted by the levelled fire-arms. They eyed the shipmates savagely, and there was a deep growl, but they hung back. "You hear me, ear belong you!" snapped King of the Islands. "You drop feller knife along beach, plenty quick, along you no wantee shoot along gun."

**T**HERE was a sudden howl from Tokalaloo. "Feller gun he no stop! Me savvy feller gun no stop along water! Feller gun no can speakee!" The boat-steerer remembered that both rifle and revolver had fallen with Barney Hall into the stream when he went down under the rock from the bush. Both had been rendered useless, but the shipmates had lost no time in cleaning and re-loading them. Tokalaloo's fuzzy brain had not grasped that. There was a forward movement at once from the Tonga boys, and the knives flashed in the sun.

"You plenty feller fool!" shouted King of the Islands. "Feller gun he stop plenty too much!" But the Tonga boys, unheeding, came on with flashing knives. Crack-ack! The rifle and the revolver rang together. It was a sudden proof to the Tonga crew that the "feller gun" did "stop." One bullet carried away an ear ornament from Tokalaloo, the other whipped a strip of skin from a Tonga boy's brown leg. That warning was enough. With almost ludicrous suddenness, the Tonga crew halted, turned, and rushed away along the beach in a yelling bunch towards the lugger's dinghy, which lay on the lagoon's margin where it had been beached.

"After them!" panted Hudson. "If they get the boat—"

"They won't!" said Ken grimly. The shipmates ran swiftly along the sand. The Tonga boys had seized the dinghy to run it into the water. A bullet whizzed over the boat, and splashed up sand over them.

"You feller boy, you no touch feller boat, hand belong you!" roared King of the Islands. "You run along beach!" And as the Tonga boys still dragged at the boat, a bullet tore a strip of brown skin from Tokalaloo's bare shoulder. With a howl the crew abandoned the boat and scattered up the beach.

"Our win!" grinned Hudson. He pitched a couple of rifle-shots after the Tonga crew, and, howling with

alarm, Barney Hall's crew vanished into the bush.

"My word!" chuckled Koko. "That Tonga feller no likee feller gun speakee! That Tonga feller run plenty too quick altogether."

From the anchored lugger, the Tonga boy left on board was staring beachward with wide, startled eyes. His five comrades had disappeared in the bush, and nothing more was to be seen of them. Koko, at a word from his master, dragged the little dinghy into the water, and the three stepped into it. The boatswain took the oars and pulled for the anchored lugger.

"You no comey along this ship, sar!" said the Tonga boy, as Hudson hooked on. "This feller lugger belong Barney Hall, sar. Him no likee you comey along this ship."

"You plenty bad feller Tonga boy!" exclaimed Koko scornfully. "What name you sing out, mouth belong you, along little white master belong me? S'pose you no shut up mouth belong you, this feller Koko kill you plenty too much along lawyer-cane, my word." And Koko leaped on board the lugger. The Tonga boy eyed him savagely, but backed away, daunted by the white masters, and their fire-arms. Koko grabbed the knife from his loin-cloth and tossed it into the lagoon. The Tonga boy's eyes blazed, but he made no resistance.

"This feller lugger belong white master belong me, you Tonga feller," said Koko. "You run along beach, along other Tonga feller! You savvy, you plenty bad feller?"

"The lugger's ours, Kit," said King of the Islands. "It would serve that swab Hall right to maroon him on the island with his crew, but we're not sea-lawyers like Parsons! We're taking possession for the present, and I reckon Barney Hall will come to terms. Koko, old coffee-bean, you stop along this lugger. S'pose Tonga feller comey, you knock that feller along lagoon, along belaying-pin."

"Yes, sar!" grinned Koko. "Tonga feller no comey along this feller lugger, along me stop! Me knock that feller along lagoon plenty too much."

At a gesture from King of the Islands, the Tonga boy dropped into the dinghy, and the shipmates pulled back to the beach, leaving Koko to keep guard on the lugger. As soon as the dinghy touched the sand, the Tonga boy leaped ashore, and scuttled up the beach to join his comrades in the bush. He was out of sight in a few moments.

"Barney Hall's crew won't help him much!" remarked Hudson. "We've got that swab where we want him, Ken, and I reckon he'll be glad to come to terms!"

The shipmates of the Dawn beached the dinghy, and walked back to the hut with smiling faces. Their weary sojourn on the desert island was drawing to its end at last!

### Till the Pacific Runs Dry!

**B**ARNEY HALL slouched to the door of the hut and stood staring out into the brilliant tropical sunshine. There was a sound of rolling casks and splashing water up the



shallow stream. Barney glanced in that direction and scowled blackly. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were completing the task left unfinished by the Tonga boys, of filling the casks belonging to the lugger. Of the Tonga crew nothing was to be seen. They had not reappeared since they had taken to the bush.

Looking towards the lugger, Hall could see Koko sitting on the gunwale and twanging a ukulele. There was a lump on Barney's head, and a savage ache in it. But he was almost himself again now. If there had been a weapon in his hand, the bully of Tonga would not have hesitated to try conclusions with the shipmates. But his rifle was slung on Hudson's back, and his revolver in Ken King's belt. He gritted his teeth with rage as he realised how the tables had been turned on him.

But Barney Hall was not beaten yet—or at least he would not admit that he was beaten. He stood for some minutes in savage thought, then stepped out of the hut and strode swiftly towards the dinghy beached on the margin of the lagoon.

The Kanaka was on guard on the lugger, the white men ashore. It was hard for Barney to believe that a Kanaka would venture to keep him off his own vessel by force. It seemed to him that his enemies had unwittingly given him a chance, and he was not slow to use it. He half-expected to hear a shot ring out, and to feel the wind of a bullet as he hurried down to the boat. But if the shipmates saw him leave the hut, they took no heed. He grasped the dinghy, heaved it down into the water, and pitched himself into it. A moment later he had shoved off and was pulling for the lugger.

The twanging of the ukulele ceased. Koko laid down that instrument, and rose to his feet. He picked up a belaying-pin, and watched the Tonga trader as he pulled with savage haste

for the lugger. There was a faint grin on the bo'sun's brown face. Koko had not the slightest hesitation in handling Barney Hall at the order of his white master.

The dinghy crashed on the lugger, and Barney Hall grabbed hold and glared up fiercely at the brown face above him.

"Stand back, you scum!" he snarled.

"You no comey along this feller lugger, sar," Koko answered. "S'pose you comey along this lugger, sar, me crack head belong you along feller belaying-pin!"

"If I had a gun—!" breathed Barney.

"Feller gun stop along King of the Islands!" chuckled Koko. "This feller no fright along you, sar! Tonga boy plenty flaid along you, sar. This feller Koko no fright, my word."

HALL stood in the rocking boat, holding on to the lugger, mad with rage. There were firearms in the little cabin aft, if he could have got at them. He would not have hesitated to shoot the Kanaka dead with a gun in his hand. The voice of King of the Islands rang from the beach:

"You feller Koko!"

"Yes, sar!" called back Koko.

Hall glared round savagely. Ken and Kit were on the beach, looking towards the lugger. As Hall had taken the dinghy, they could not get on board, but they did not seem uneasy. The shipmates were aware that they could rely on the brown-skinned boatswain of the Dawn.

"S'pose that feller Hall comey along lugger, you tie up that feller along rope, along hand and foot

King of the Islands pulled to the beach and reached it just before the tattered, haggard, and exhausted figure tottered to the water's edge—panting, and glancing fearfully behind him at the dark bush.

belong him!" called out King of the Islands.

"Yes, sar!" grinned Koko.

Hall panted with rage. Slipping his hands along the lugger's rail, and shoving the dinghy with his feet, he moved suddenly and swiftly out of Koko's reach. Before the brown boatswain could stride along and reach him, he plunged headlong on board, rolling over into the lugger. He had no time to rise, but he twisted desperately out of the way as the belaying-pin came crashing down. It struck the planks an inch from his head. The next moment he was on his feet, and before Koko could lift his weapon for another blow, he sprang at the Kanaka.

"My word! You plenty bad feller!" gasped Koko. The belaying-pin dropped from his hand as he grappled with the Tonga trader, and they rolled over in fierce conflict.

"Koko will handle him!" said King of the Islands, staring from the beach. "Hall hasn't a dog's chance with Koko's hands on him, Kit!" The Australian nodded, but he watched rather anxiously.

The lugger's freeboard was low, but the shipmates could only catch glimpses of the struggling figures.

Barney Hall was quick to realise that he had no chance against the giant Kanaka hand-to-hand, and that Koko, native as he was, had no hesitation in handling him. With a powerful effort, he tore himself loose from the Kanaka, and plunged fiercely for the tiny cabin aft. If only he could get his hand on a gun—

But the Kanaka's grasp was on him again in a second, and he went down with a crash. Madly he struggled, but he was stretched on his back, with a bare, brown, sinewy knee jammed on his chest. Koko grinned breathlessly down at him.

"You swab!" panted Barney Hall, in helpless rage. "Belay it, you nigger! Belay it!"





## The Bully of Tonga

"No tinkee, sar!" grinned Koko. "White master he sing out tie up feller Hall along rope, along hand and foot belong him!"

Barney Hall struggled frantically. But in a few minutes more he lay breathless and exhausted under the gripping knee of the Kanaka. He could only gasp feebly as Koko rolled him bodily into the little low cabin, picked up a rope, and proceeded to bind him hand and foot. With steady skill, Koko knotted the ropes, and the Tonga trader lay bound and helpless. Koko left him lying, and went out into the bright sunshine again, to wave a brown hand to the white masters on the beach.

"Good old coffee-bean," grinned Hudson. "Barney's safe now, Ken."

Lying in the hot, stuffy little den, with cockroaches crawling over him, Barney Hall writhed with rage, and wrenched in vain at his bonds, while he heard the castaways getting the water-casks on board. It was clear that they were making preparations for leaving Maroon Island—they were not working on Barney Hall's account. He ground his teeth with helpless rage as he thought of it. King of the Islands looked into the stuffy little cuddy at last, and Barney's eyes met him with a malevolent glare. The boy trader smiled down at the helpless ruffian.

"You swab!" howled Barney. "You're seizing my ship—you pirate! I'll have you hanged at Fiji, King of the Islands!"

"Who's seizing your ship, Hall?" asked Ken.

"You lubber! Ain't you getting ready for sea?" panted Hall.

"We're sailing when we've got the food on board—your rations seem to have run pretty short and it will take some time. We shall have to load with bananas and coconuts and yams. Luckily we've got some canned stuff that Parsons left us. But we're not getting the anchor up till you give the word, Hall! It's your ship!"

"Till I give the word!" Hall stared at him blankly. "You figure that I'll give the word to sail, with you on board, and my boys in the bush? Forget it! Sail this lugger on your own, and you're a pirate—and if you play Peter Parsons' game you'll get what's coming to Dandy Peter!"

"I'm not the man to seize another skipper's ship!" said King of the Islands. "I shall wait for you to give orders to sail, Hall."

"You'll wait till the Pacific runs dry, then!" hissed Barney.

"That's a long time," said King of the Islands, with a laugh. "But have it your own way. The lugger's yours, and it's for you to give orders to lift the anchor. I'll see you again later—I've work to do now."

"Heave to, you swab!" roared Barney Hall. "How long d'you reckon you're going to keep me triced up like this?"

"Until we sail!" answered King of the Islands, with a smile. "And we shan't sail till you give orders to lift anchor, and offer us a passage in your

lugger. If you wait till the Pacific runs dry you'll get a bit cramped—and I reckon you'll be hungry and thirsty! We're not bound to provide rations for a skipper who refuses us a passage from a desert island. I fancy you'll run dry before the Pacific dries!" The boy trader turned on his heel, and Barney Hall was left alone—except for the cockroaches.

Through the long, hot afternoon the shipmates were at work, ferrying loads of island produce to the lugger and stacking it away for the voyage. They had plenty to do, and were in no hurry. They had no doubt that Barney would give orders to "lift anchor" by the time they were ready to sail—and if he did not, they were prepared to wait until he did!

### "We Sail at Sunrise!"

THE Southern Cross hung like a great jewel in the sky. Stars in silvery myriads glittered over Maroon Island and the encircling Pacific. King of the Islands, leaning against the mast, looked at the black mass of the island, where the dense bush covered the hill, and at the lava peak of the old volcano rising high towards the stars. The hour was late, and Kit and Koko were fast asleep.

The shipmates were passing the night on the lugger, running no risks of the Tonga boys stealing back under cover of night and seizing the craft on which they depended to escape from the lonely island, and Ken was keeping watch. Barney Hall, bound hand and foot, stirred and muttered in the little cuddy.

Far away across the blackness of the bush, Ken's eyes picked up a reflection of dancing flame. He could guess that the Tonga boys had camped there, and were burning a camp-fire. They had not been seen since they had taken to the bush, and somewhere in the unending bush was the "wild man" of the island, whose missile had so fortunately struck down Barney Hall.

The stirring and muttering of the ruffian in the cuddy caused Ken to glance in that direction. He had little compassion to waste on Barney Hall. He would not seize the lugger, as Peter Parsons had done the Dawn. But he could hardly be expected to let Barney sail away, leaving him marooned on the lonely island—perhaps for ever. Only because he was adrift on the Pacific, short of water, and Maroon Island was the nearest land, had Hall come there—and it might be years before another sail hope in sight. Ken reckoned that the bully of Tonga would not hold out longer than the night.

His eyes gleamed as he thought of Dandy Peter Parsons, sailing his ketch, bullying his crew, searching along the Marshalls for Grant Blake, the lost millionaire. Once he was afloat again, he would hunt down the sea-lawyer of Lukwe and bring him to account. The Dawn was Ken's livelihood, almost all he had, and the loss of trade since Dandy Peter had seized her was a heavy blow to the boy trader.

"King of the Islands!" Barney Hall's gruff, savage voice came from the stuffy cuddy. "Will you let me loose? I'm crawling with cockroaches!"

"Yours is a dirty ship, Hall!" answered Ken. "I reckon I'm none too pleased to sail in such a craft. If I'd any choice, you wouldn't see me on board the dirtiest craft from Valparaiso to Manila. Did you ever make your boys handle a holystone?"

"Will you let me out of this?" yelled Hall.

"You know the terms," answered King of the Islands. "Are you fool enough to think that I'd let you leave me marooned, while Peter Parsons sails my ship? Think again!" He stepped along to the black little cuddy and peered in. Hall's glittering eyes showed in the darkness from the floor.

"Have a little sense, Hall!" said the boy trader quietly. "You're a brute and a bully, as big a ruffian as any man in the South Seas, and you deserve to be chucked on the beach and left there. You've asked for what you're getting—and more! If you stood in my shoes, you'd fling me into the lagoon. All you're wanted to do is to give three castaways a passage off a desert island—any man but you wouldn't need asking. We'll pay a fair price for a passage to the nearest island. We're not asking for the trip for nothing."

"Did Peter Parsons leave your money in your pockets?" growled Barney.

"Parsons is a piratical swab, but he's not a pickpocket," Ken answered. "We've got money in our pockets—more than enough to pay a fair price for a trip on this lugger."

"Let me loose," muttered the Tonga trader, "and we'll make it a trade; I can't stand any more of this." King of the Islands lighted the lamp, and in its smoky glimmer scanned the hard, bearded face of the bully of Tonga. Hall met his gaze with sullen animosity.

"If you mean that fair and square, Hall, I'm glad!" said Ken. "But if you're thinking of treachery, better think again. I've searched your lugger for firearms, and we're taking care of them. You've no chance of getting a gun. I don't want to have to shoot you, Hall, but if you're thinking of getting hold of a belaying-pin and starting trouble, remember that I'll put a bullet through you as soon as look at you."

"Three of you, armed, and afraid of one man with his bare hands?" jeered Hall.

"I'm only warning you," Ken said. "If you mean business, well and good, I'm going to let you loose." He opened his knife and cut through the trader's bonds. Hall staggered to his feet and lurched out of the cuddy, rubbing his cramped limbs. King of the Islands resumed his position against the mast. He had expected Hall to come to terms, but he did not trust him an inch, and he was on his guard.

For a long time the burly ruffian

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# The Bully of Tonga!

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stood rubbing his limbs, cramped by the cords that Koko had knotted. Koko lifted his head from his sleeping-mat, and stared at him with suspicious eyes.

"All serene, old coffee-bean," said Ken, with a smile. "Feller Hall makee good feller friend along us feller."

"Tinkee feller Hall plenty too much bad feller, sar!" answered the Kanaka. "This feller no sleep any more, eye belong him." And Koko rose from his sleeping-mat. He sat down on the low top of the cuddy, with a belaying-pin in his brown hand, and his watchful eyes never left the Tonga trader. Barney Hall gave him a savage scowl, and turned away to stare at the darkness of the island. His eyes lingered on the reflection of a fire away in the black bush. He guessed, as King of the Islands had done, that the Tonga boys were camped there.

If Barney Hall had entertained any reckless scheme of getting hold of a belaying-pin and attempting to turn the tables on the three shipmates, he had to give it up now. Possibly he had hoped that he might have a chance of taking them by surprise, before sunrise. But with the Kanaka watching him like a cat, and ready to knock him senseless at the first hostile movement, Barney had to give up that idea.

But other ideas were working in his mind. His men were in the bush; but the flicker of distant firelight told him where to seek them if he got to the shore. They had run from the firearms in the hands of the white masters, but with Barney to lead them— Staring towards the bush, Barney thought it over, as he had thought it over and over while he lay bound in the cuddy. To the truculent ruffian, the most desperate chance was better than taking orders from the boy trader. He made up his mind at last. There was a sudden splash in the lagoon, and Barney was swimming desperately for the beach.

Koko leaped up with a yell. "That feller Hall run along lagoon, sar! You shootee along gun! That feller run along bush, along Tonga Boy, sar!"

King of the Islands stepped to the side. In the gleam of the stars he spotted the dark figure of the swimmer cleaving a rapid and desperate way shoreward.

"Aho, Barney Hall!" he shouted. "The anchor goes up at dawn—if you're not on board it's your own lookout!"

The shout reached the swimmer, but it did not make Barney Hall stop or

turn. He swam savagely on, in fear every moment of a bullet. But King of the Islands did not pull the trigger. In the starshine, he watched the burly form drag itself dripping from the water. He saw the Tonga trader turn on the beach, and shake a clenched fist. He shrugged his shoulders.

"We've given him all the rope he's going to have," he said to Kit. "I let him loose because he agreed to make it a trade. If he backs out now, he takes his chance. We sail at sunrise."

"Good egg!" yawned Hudson, and went back to his blankets.

"Plenty much better shoot along gun, along that feller Hall!" growled Koko.

Ken smiled, and shook his head. Barney Hall had had his chance, and if he chose to throw it away it was his own lookout. With or without the Tonga trader, the lugger was going to pull out of the lagoon of Maroon Island when dawn came.

## Trapped in the Bush!

BARNEY HALL had hardly expected to escape so easily. But he had escaped, and he was free to carry out his desperate plan. He ground his teeth as he brandished his brawny fist at the lugger.

"By hokey!" he breathed. "The anchor goes up at dawn, does it. I reckon something's going to happen before dawn, you swab! If I have any luck you'll be food for the fishes in the lagoon before you see sunrise, King of the Islands." And the ruffian turned and tramped up the beach towards the bush.

The darkest hour would be before dawn, and Barney Hall and his crew would be swimming round the anchored lugger, with knives in their teeth.

It would be easy enough for the Tonga boys, quick and active as monkeys, to swarm aboard, port and starboard, fore and aft, taking the three castaways on all sides. Shooting would be wild in the dark; the knife of a native as deadly as a white man's firearm, or deadlier. It was all mapped out in Hall's savage mind—a fierce and desperate chance, but one he was resolved upon taking. There was ample time to find the Tonga boys and lead them down to the beach. They could hardly be a mile away.

The bully of Tonga halted, and stared at the sky over the dense bush that clothed the hillside. The flickering of the flames could still be seen, though it was fainter. The fire was dying down, the Tonga boys probably fast asleep round it. Having taken his bearings, the Tonga trader plunged into the bush.

From the starlit beach to the dense bush was a change from twilight to blackness. The bush was thick and tangled; there were no runways, as on an inhabited island. Thorns tore Hall's clothing and his skin, and at almost every step he had to part thick stalks of high ferns, or bunches

of lianas, or branches of thorny bushes.

Barney Hall was a seaman, but he was not unaccustomed to the ways of the bush, and in the day-time he would have kept his bearings; a glimmer of light would have been enough for him. But in the dense blackness that reigned round him he was beaten.

It was "high" bush on Maroon Island, meeting and tangling overhead, and hardly a single gleam of the stars came through. The ruffian struggled on for more than an hour, then he had to admit to himself that he was "bushed."

He came to a halt, breathing hard with rage and weariness. If he failed to find the camp of the Tonga crew before daylight, it was the end of his scheme. In the hope that the camp might be within hearing of the point he had reached, he shouted with all the strength of his lungs, his voice echoing and booming in the gloom:

"You feller boy! You Tokalaloo! Aho! Barney Hall hailing! You feller boy, you sing out, mouth belong you!"

Booming echoes of his shouting, from all sides, answered him. But no other answer came.

Again and again he shouted, with a roar like an enraged bull. But either the Tonga crew were out of hearing or they were sleeping too soundly to hear. Exhausted at last, and panting for breath, Barney Hall gave it up and leaned on a tree-trunk.

There came a sound from the bush—a rustle that told something was stirring. It might have been a wild pig, but hope sprang up in Barney's heart that it was one of his crew, and he shouted:

"Aho! That you feller Tokalaloo! You feller boy! This way, durn your black hide! You hear me, ear belong you?"

Barney Hall listened, but there came no reply, and he savagely concluded that it had been a wild pig, creeping in the bush. Then, after a few minutes' silence, the rustle came again, and it was closer at hand. Hall stared round him in the black darkness. It could not be a wild pig—his savage shouting would have scared the animal away. It could not be one of his crew, or the man would have answered his hail. Who—what was it that was creeping towards him in the darkness of the bush?

Hall felt a thrill of terror. He was unaccustomed to fear, but there was something nerve-shaking in that stealthy creeping of an enemy he could not see. An enemy it must be—or why did he not answer? Back into his mind came what King of the Islands had told him of a "wild man" in the bush. He had not believed it then. Was there, after all, a wild man on Maroon Island—was it some fierce and remorseless savage who was stealing on him in the dark?

The rustle ceased, and Barney Hall breathed again. The sweat was thick on his brow. He remembered how he had been attacked when camping at night on the beach of Maroon Island.

## TO READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when Free Gifts are offered in this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character



He had believed that it was the boatswain of the Dawn who had seized him that night, and had scoffed at the tale of a wild man on the island. But he remembered the overpowering grip of his assailant, and how powerless he had been in that terrible grasp. If it was that assailant who was at hand now—

He had no weapon; only his bare hands against an enemy whose strength was twice his own. The rustle was heard again, and Barney Hall, the ruffianly bully of Tonga, trembled. He licked his dry lips and stared into the blackness, with the cold fear of death in his heart.

He could see nothing, but he could hear the rustle of parting bush—the hurried, suppressed breathing of something unseen. A scream broke from him as he felt a touch, and he leaped away like a scuttling cod from a shark! But a grip was on him as he leaped, and he struck out wildly, blindly. Under his hands he felt something wild and shaggy—tangled hair, tangled beard—and in the dense darkness he caught a glitter of wild eyes.

HE screamed again in terror, struck madly, and tore himself loose and bounded away into the bush, reckless of thorns and torn skin, shrieking as he went. Behind him sounded a screeching yell—the yell of the wild man of Maroon Island. And with the yell came tearing and brushing in the thickets as the unseen savage pursued. Yell on yell of unreasoning fury rang in his ears, spurring him on to frantic efforts to escape.

He had forgotten his desperate scheming now—forgotten everything but his terror of the wild man of the bush. Like a madman he plunged through the tearing bush, torn and bleeding, panting for breath, spurred on by deadly fear. Long after the rustling behind him had died away he panted and staggered on, not realising that his pursuer had lost track of him in the blackness and was no longer following.

Not till he was too utterly spent to take another step did the trader of Tonga halt, reeling against a trunk, his knees giving under him. Then the silence around him told that his enemy had lost him in the bush. He sank down on the earth, aching with fatigue, trembling in every limb, trying to still his panting breathing lest his enemy should hear and find him again. How long he lay there, almost senseless, he could not know. But he became conscious at last of a dim greyness replacing the blackness that surrounded him. It was the dawn! Faintly, dimly, shapes of bushes and trees loomed from the shadows, and the sound of awakening birds was heard.

Barney Hall staggered to his feet at last, and, his heart beating in great throbs, he crept through the tangled bush, seeking his way back to the beach. And when at last he staggered into the open in the light of the brightening sun, he could have cried for joy at the sight of the lagoon, with the lugger riding at

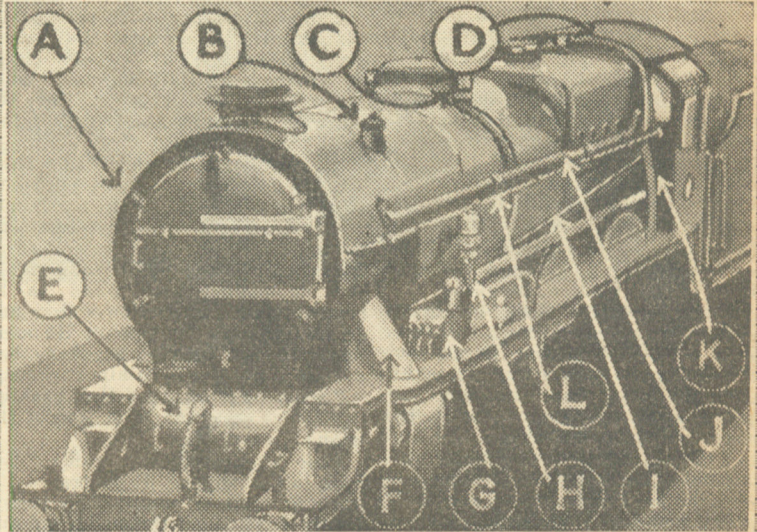
## Outside Gadgets on an Engine

Do you know what the different pipes and things are which can be seen outside the big locomotives? In this drawing—not a true type in every way, but on the lines of "Lord Nelson" of the Southern Railway—several additional items have been introduced, so that we can name as many as possible.

A.—These are clamps for the door of the smoke-box, six altogether. They are screwed up tight with nuts. See them on S.R. and L.M.S. locos especially. G.W.R. and L.N.E.R. have handle clamps in the centre.

B.—This is a valve, called the "Snifting Valve," and its job is to admit air to the superheater tubes when the steam is cut off altogether. This comes into action if the engine is coasting with throttle closed, or if it stops. You can hear it come into action when the driver opens his regulator. Different engines have various shapes of valve, but they are always on the top side of the smoke-box.

C.—This is the boiler water-feed valve. Known as "Top Feed," this arrangement can be seen on the G.W.R. and some S.R. locos. Note that the long pipe running down might connect with pipe K, but each type of engine has a different arrangement.



D is the outlet from the injector in the driver's cab. This carries the boiler-feed water.

E.—The vacuum-brake pipe, to be connected to the train pipe if the engine runs tender first. There might be another flexible pipe like this; if there is, it will be for providing steam-heating for the train.

F.—This is the casing for the steam-pipe to the cylinders. It is not the exhaust pipe, as is sometimes supposed.

G.—A mechanical lubricator, which supplies oil to various working parts. It may have a little lever rocked by one of the motion parts. See these on the L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. particularly.

H.—Note this, because this is the big catch in this picture. No engine would have this as well as fitting C. It is another place for the boiler-feed valve and pipe. By the way, call it the "Clack Valve." The S.R. prefer this position for the "King Arthurs" and "Lord Nelsons," and you can see it on the Eastern division of the L.N.E.R.

I.—A pipe carrying oil to working parts from a sight-feed lubricator in the cab. S.R. and L.N.E.R. show them, though the latter railway generally case them in.

J.—This is the exhaust pipe from the vacuum-brake ejector. Its job is to carry the expended steam into the smoke-box, where it helps to create a draught. You can see it on every locomotive everywhere.

K.—We have mentioned this pipe before. It carries boiler-feed water, and would be joined to either C or H.

L.—This is the handrail for the safety of the men on the footplate.

anchor, and the face of King of the Islands looking over the side.

### Good-bye to Maroon Island!

"TUMBLE up!" Kit Hudson's voice rang out cheerily, and King of the Islands sat up in his blankets and rubbed his eyes. Hudson had taken the second watch

while his shipmate slept, but Koko had not closed his eyes since Barney Hall had been released. Had the bully of Tonga succeeded in carrying out his plan, he would not have taken the lugger by surprise.

Ken rose to his feet. Koko was already preparing breakfast for the white masters. There was a savoury



## The Bully of Tonga:

scent of frying fish on the lugger. King of the Islands glanced towards the beach, glistening in the rising sun. Only the crawling crabs were to be seen there. Far in the distance, over the bush, a trail of smoke rose to the sky from the camp-fire of the Tonga crew.

"No sign of Barney Hall!" said the boy trader. "Well, he's got another hour before we get up the anchor. The three of us can sail this lugger, Kit, if he doesn't choose to give up his company."

"Better without him!" grunted Hudson.

"Plenty too much better that feller Hall stop along island, sar!" said Koko.

Ken shook his head, and gave another glance at the beach; before he sat down to breakfast. "I hope he'll show up!" he said. "It will be close packing, on a fifty-foot lugger, with Hall and his crew. But I'd give a good deal not to leave them marooned. They may be in danger from the wild man—Hall will believe in him, fast enough, when he comes across him. And the brute's asked for it, but I hate the idea of sailing another man's ship—too much like Peter Parsons' game to suit me."

"We'll give him a passage, if he comes down to the beach and asks civilly!" said Hudson, laughing.

While they ate their breakfast, Ken half expected to hear a hail from the beach. But neither Barney nor any of his crew appeared in sight. After the meal was over, the boy trader stood looking towards the beach with a troubled brow. He had told Barney Hall that he would sail at sunrise, but now that the time had come, he hesitated. Brute and bully as the man was, little as he deserved consideration from the castaways, it went against the grain to play a game like Dandy Peter's.

Hudson understood his shipmate's feelings, but Koko prowled about the lugger restlessly, grunting with unconcealed impatience. The sun rose higher over the bush and the tall volcanic peak. The tide was running out of the channel in the coral reef and Koko's impatience grew.

"Feller anchor comey up, sar!" he said at last. But King of the Islands

waited. Not unless he was driven to it would he sail in another skipper's ship, and leave that skipper stranded. His eyes swept the beach and the bush anxiously.

"My sainted Sam!" he ejaculated suddenly. A tattered, haggard, exhausted figure staggered from the bush and came tottering down to the lagoon.

"Barney Hall!" Hudson whistled. "My hat! He looks as if he's made a night of it!"

"He's here, at any rate—and he doesn't look as if he's hunting trouble," said King of the Islands, with a deep feeling of relief.

"He looks as if he's found all he wanted—and a little over!" Kit Hudson chuckled. "Bushed, I reckon. He was a fool to go ashore."

It was clear that something had happened to Barney Hall, as the burly bully came unsteadily down to the lagoon. Every other moment he glanced over his shoulder at the dark bush behind him.

"Tinkee feller Hall findee wild man, along bush!" Koko said. "Plenty too much fright stop along that feller Hall."

"Looks like it, by gum!" said Hudson. King of the Islands stepped into the dinghy and pulled to the beach. He reached it before the stumbling trader arrived at the water's edge. Hall stumbled on. He did not speak, but he panted with relief as he splashed into the shallow water and scrambled into the boat. He sank down in the dinghy as if he had crumpled up. Ken eyed him curiously.

"Shove off!" breathed Hall huskily.

"You've seen the wild man of the island?" asked Ken.

Hall shuddered, and said: "Get back to the lugger! It's a trade—I'll agree to anything you like! By hokey, I only want to get the anchor up and get to sea."

Ken pulled back to the lugger. Hudson gave the bully of Tonga a helping hand on board; he needed it. Barney Hall plunged into the cuddy, and there was a gurgle of liquid from a bottle to a glass. There was a sudden shout from Koko: "Tonga boy comey along beach!"

Ken and Kit grasped rifles at once. There was a yelling of voices on the beach as the Tonga crew came scampering from the bush. But at a

glance, the shipmates saw that it was not an attack. There was fear in the looks of the Tonga boys as they ran and its cause was soon apparent, as a screeching yell rang from the bush. It was the wild man of Maroon Island that had scared them.

They raced down to the lagoon. Without stopping, they plunged into the water to swim. From the bush, a wild, shaggy figure appeared for a moment—the figure of the wild man of Maroon Island. For some moments he stood staring towards the lugger and the swimming Tonga boys; then he vanished into the bush again, and was gone.

"I'm glad to see the last of him. Ken?" muttered Hudson.

Ken nodded. He stepped to the side and called to the Tonga boys. Brown hands grasped at the lugger, and the Tonga boys stared up at him as he made a gesture with his rifle.

"Us feller comey along lugger, sar!" panted Tokalaloo. "Us feller plenty too much fright along black feller along bush, sar! Brain belong him no walk about any more, sar—us feller too much fright!"

"You feller boy, drop feller knife along lagoon!" rapped out Ken. "Along this lugger, you jump along order along me, you savvy?"

"Yes, sar, us feller savvy!" gasped the boat-steerer.

Long knives went shimmering to the bottom of the lagoon. Then the Tonga boys were allowed to clamber on board.

"Up anchor!" said Kit Hudson joyfully.

Barney Hall was still in the cuddy. It was King of the Islands who shouted orders to the Tonga crew, and they obeyed him promptly. The anchor came up, Koko took the tiller, and the lugger glided from the lagoon into the reef channel, coned out to sea by King of the Islands. And the faces of the shipmates were bright as they watched the tall lava peak of Maroon Island sink to the waves!

There's a heap more of Surprises in Next Saturday's long complete story of King of the Islands! Order Next Week's "MODERN BOY" NOW—TO-DAY!

## SPI and COP ..... The Cute Detectives!

